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# Choice Loetry.

ON AN OLD TYPO.

BT SAN. E. BASGS. Brown and howe." and wrinkled and gray,
With speca astride indented nose,
I knew the Colonel in his better day,
Fre Time had deshed him with its anows.
The light that shipes from his planeaut eye,
Tie pleasant emile on his withered face,
Tell of the joys that flitted by,
While he was full of youth and grace.

The types come slowly to his stick;
He balks, and then he beens and haws;
Old Time has tricked him o' the trick
Of fingering type with nimble paws;
But, bless your soul, he's asen the day,
Ere Time had told so oft his sand,
He left some fast "comps" far away,
As youth has left him in the land.

Where is the fruit of his tollsome years!
He sught to have some wealth to show;
A map who's worked like a yoke o steers,
Should have a handsome pile, you know.
But the Colonel has never a cot nor lot.
Nor made has be e'en so much as a start;
An 'twere better perhaps, if he had not got
That warm, that feeling, generous heart.

But his is a nature devoid of guile, And he took the world by the hand, With the simple faith of a little child, Who never had plotted or planned; But the world has never hent to his sar, With a kindly. "What do you lack?" And now, in his leaf so yallow and sear, It seems to turn its back.

I laid my hand on his shrivalled arm.
Tanned so like the resper's skin,
And hinted to him of a cartain farm
That he had seemed for kith and kin.
I had no thought of giving him pain.
But over his his speech he looked with a frewn;
Them smiled, and said "My castles in Spain."
Like nuts in Fall, went tumbling down.

But I have raised the Catawha wins
On my ideal farm," said he:
"Over the hills I have driven my kine,
And run the plow on the upland lea.
If I had grown rich with worldly pelf,
As I've grown string beans to a charm,
Ishe other men who were all for self,
The papers I'd hold to a farm,"

The Celonel turned about to his case,
And bent his thoughtful brow;
And in the lines of his farrowed face,
I trace the track of a tiny plow.
Is the atubble-growth of his grindy chin.
The briar-like patches over his eyes,
I pictored a "facial farm" hesiged in—
A waste of field neath the winity chies.

When that grim man comes tottering by, With locks so long and white a 2d thin, May he atrihe out gently with his acyths, As he gathers the houset Colone in; And in those plasant fields above, Where flowers bloom by silvery streams, Where all is youth, where all is love, May he realize his foodest dreams.

### Select Story.

### A SCRAP OF PAPER.

One of the Most Extraordinary Criminal

The following remarkable story has never before been published in its complete form. Years ago the main features of it wern printed in the New York Courant, but for the sake of certain involved, the full quarrative was sup-

pressed:
George Layman was a farmer, reading near Selby, in Yorkshire, England. Though not an educated man, by any means, he was above the average farmer of the time. He had a good home, well furnished, and a fine farm, excellently atocked. He was twenty-eight years old, and unusarried. With him resided an only size of seventeen, and a girl of remarkable beauty. In 1826, when this narrative opens, brother and sister were living in the greatest affection and barmony. In these days it was customary for farmers to employ roung men, generally tomary for farmers to employ young men, gen-erally the sons of other farmers, and to board and heige them in the house. George Layman had seven such. One of them was named Thomas Miller. He was about numbers or twenty, well built, and exceptionally good looking and attractive. He was exceedingly well informed. attractive. He was exceedingly well informed, and spoke without any of the peculiarities of dislect for which Yorkshire men are noted. His consections were unknown. He came to the farm house with a stick in his hard and a bundle on his shoulder, and obtained a night's ledging. He got into conversation with the farmer and the hands, and, though he admitted that he knew nothing of farming, but had worked at the trade of gun-smith, he expressed a desire to remain and make himself useful about the place. Layman assented. Miller joined the other young men, and was apparently soon deeply interested in his work.

An acquaintance soon sprang up between

An acquaintance soon sprang up between Miller and Fanny Layman, the farmer's sister. Miller and Fanny Layman, the farmer's sister. Unfortunately it took a claudestine form, and the lovers—for such they soon became—met in secret. The consequences which might be axpected fellowed, and Miller soon afterward disconnected. pected followed, and Miller soon afterward dis-appeared. When it was apparent to her broth-er and neighbors that she was to become a mother, she selemuly avered that she had been married to Miller, and produced a certificate, showing such to be the fact. Miller disappear-ed March 20, 1826, when Fannie was within three months of her confinement.

On April 17th following, a stranger arrived at the small inn in the adjacent village, and sent

the small inn in the adjacent village, and sent for Ferner Layman. He represented that he was anxious to hire a run for cattle, and had

Thus appealed to, the farmer passed on, and before two minutes had elapsed the coach passed out of sight and hearing in an opposite di-

When the farmer reached home he found that his sister was missing. Soon after he left for the inn, a person brought a message for her, and she walked down the road with him. That

...... get the ..... Layman SELDON.

The paper had been folded along the fourth line, and then torn off at the corner. It was conveyed to Layman, and kept by him as likely to be of value. There was small doubt that Fanny was in the vehicle which Layman overtook on his way home, and that the screams which he heard were her cries for help.

Could it be that Miller was at the bottom of the abduction? Layman remembered that Miller had frequently written in an album belonging to Fanny, and in comparing that writing with the writing on the scrap of paper, they were found to be identical. Layman made his way to York, to consult a lawyer as to the best

were found to be identical. Layman made his way to York, to consult a lawyer as to the best means of recovering his sister. When he reached that city, almost the first thing he saw in a newspaper was the account of the discovery of the bedy of a murdered woman in the River Aire, just above Leeds, near a place known as the Forgs. The woman was pregnant, and her lines was marked "F. L." Feeling sure that this must be his sister, for the description answered to her in every particular. Layman this must be his sister, for the description answered to her in every particular, Layman started back home. On the outskirts of Selby, he was waylaid by three footpads, and robbed. Then he was left on the highway half dead. He was found by a laboring man, who recognized him, and had him conveyed home. When Layman recovered consciousness, he remembered distinctly that one of the footpads said, when a roostnighted with he the others.

him, and had him conveyed home. When Layman recovered consciousness, he remembered distinctly that one of the footpads said, when expostulated with by the others:

"You know as well as I do that the understanding was that we were to kill him."

Layman was a vigorous man, and three days after his last miebap, he was on the way to Leeds. Arrived at Kirkstall, he found that the body had been claimed by an old woman as that of her daughter, and buried. Layman went before Mr. James Hargraves, then as magistrate, and applied to have the body disinterred. Leave was granted, and the next morning was appointed for the work. During the night, however, the grave was opened and the corpse removed. Who the deprelators were, was involved in mystery. Layman saw in it a conspiracy to defrand justice, and by a wonderful stroke of good fortune, hit upon the very device which the despoilers of the grave had adopted. While examining the church yard and the neighboring field, he observed deep foot prints underneath a very high wall, the ascent of which was, however, easy to an unencumbered person. These foot-steps led both ways, and Layman concluded that the persons riding the grave had approached it and quitted it by that way. But it was next to impossible that they could have done this with the coffin in their possession, and therefore he came to the conclusion that the corpse had been buried somewhere within the precincts of the grave-yard. A search was made, but no newly turned soil was found. Mr. Hargrave suggested examining the old fashioned square raised tombs, of which there were many in the grounds, and arrenough, under one of the slabs was found the coffin and the remains. Layman identified the body as his sister's, and it bore marks to show that the girl had been strangled.

By this time the anthorities of Leeds, York and Selby had become alike interested in the crime. That the man Miller was at the bottom of it, they had every reason to believe. But who was he, that could bring his instruments to bear ao readily whereve

fer a rational solution of the mystery, namely:
That Miller had married the girl unknown to
wealthy parents or friends, and on their learning of the fact, they had taken measures to remore her, in order that the diagrace of marrying beneath his station might be removed, and
that he might be at liberty to fulfill some other
marriage engagement which they had arranged.
One thing was resulved on—to look for Seldon.
There was a family of that name in the North There was a family of that name in the North Riding, residing near Birmingham, and another branch of the same family at Stanhope, in Durham. An investigation, however, failed to connect any member of either family with Famy description. There was only one young man of a suitable age in either, and be had been travelling abroad at the very time of Miller's stay with the Laymans. In the meantime, it ought to be said, a coroner's jury had sat in the case of Fanny Layman, or Miller, and returned a verdiet of willful murner against some party or parties unknows.

render of willful murner against some party or parties unknown.

Two years passed away. Layman went to Londen on pleasure or business, and, as countrymen were wont, visited the House of Commons. He saw a gentleman coming out of St. Stephons', who attracted his attestion. The young man, Miller, stood before him—there was no doubt of that. He inquired who he was, and learned that he was James Aubrey Seldon, member of Parliament for the North Riding of Yorkshire, and that this was his first session in the House. Layman returned the next day, and watched for the arrival of the members. In due time Seldon came, and Layman had a good view of him. No doubt remained in his mind as to his being Miller. Layman was in doubt what to do. He had £150 in his pocket-book, and he said to himself that ought to secure the services of a lawyer. He asked for the Courts, and meeting a host of lawyers coming out in wig and gown, he stopped one. This happened to be none other than the renowned Brougham, who listened to the man patiently. Calling a younger lawyer, he briefly informed him of the facts, and he saked Layman to wait where he was for a moment. The lawyer returned with a cab, and he and Layman drove to Bow Street. A warrant was procored, and Seldon was arrested.

Now follows the most remarkable part of the strange narrative.

Seldon denied all knowledge of Layman, or parties unknown.

for Farmer Layman. He represented that he was any some to hire a run for cattle, and had heard they Layman's land was peculiarly adapted. A long conversation followed, and Layman did not return home till rather late. On the road thither, and not more than half a mile from his home, he came upon a carriage standing in the road. Several men were around, and one held a lantern, while the others were putting on the fore off wheel, which had come off in a rut. Leyman paned a moment, and as held id so, heard a stifled groun from the vehicle.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Any one hurt?"

"Oh, no," was the reply; "the lady is only alarmed—that's all."

"Help—help?" was heard in tenes that seemed to indicate a struggle to free the speaker's mouth from a muffling hood.

"What means this?" Layman inquired, excitedly, springing from his horse, and going toward the door of the carriage.

He was confronted by a stalwart, gray-haired man in a capricious closk, who thrust him said."

At the same time another person stepped up to Layman, and we are just conveying her home. Make no alarm, or she may have to return."

Thus appealed to, the farmer passed on, and had on the facts, and had any said the doar of the carriage.

The man patiently. Calling him of the facts, and he and hadded Layman to wait where he was for a moment. The lawyer returned with a cab, and he and Layman drove to Bow Street. A warrant and Layman drove to Bow Street. A warrant was procured, and Seldon was arrested.

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Seldon denied all knowledge of Layman, or that he ever went by the name of Miller, and that of the man who signed "Seldon" to the scrap of paper found in the chimney of the ima.

Seldon denied all knowledge of Layman, or that he ever went by the name of Miller, and that of the man who signed "Seldon" to the scrap of the man who signed "Seldon" to the scrap of Family and who signed "Seldon" to the scrap of Family and who signed "Seldon" to the scrap of Family and who signed "Seldon"

last, that Seidon was the real man, and his con-viction was intensified by what occurred some years later. There was a hunt at Rock Hail, the seat of Sir Joseph Rockeliff, Layman's land-lord. Seldon was there, and following the hounds, be took a path which no one knew but those acquainted with Layman's farm. This atroughtened the farmer's beitef that Seldon and Miller were identical.

But the most confirmatory and damning proof is yet to be given. Inquiry showed that the

was the last seen of her.

Search was made all over the neighborhood, but it was unavailing. The man at the hotel, who had sent for Layman, vanished the same night, and it was believed that be was in compiracy with the abductors of the girl, and on appracy with the sister was removed.

What was the object of the abduction? That was the interesting question. Several dare passed, and the neighborhood was still in excitement over the missing girl, when a serrant, cleaning out the grate in the room occupied by the stranger at the inn, found a scrap of paper clinging to the chimney by a draft, and clung to a protice berance. This serrap of paper was thought nothing of by the servant, and would have been thrown away if the landlerd had not seen it and observed on it the name "Layman." This attracted his attention, and he read all that was there. It was as follows:

And Miller were identical.

But the moet confirmatory and damning proof is yet to be given. Inquiry showed that the man representing himself as Miller, was pardoned the very day that his sentence of death man representing himself as Miller, was pardoned the very day that his sentence of death was commuted to transportation, and that he was commuted to transportation, and that he

Iv 1848 Senator Blaine was a tutor in the pre-

THE DUBLIN THEATRE BOYAL. The House in Which Lester Wallack Berred Apprenticable Totally Bestroped by Fire-Reminiscences of a Pamous Retablishment -The Gullery Gods and their Jibos-The Great Grange Riot.

band, asking for a separate maintenance. One of the facts set up was that the respondent was subject to fits of great mental excitement during which he recounted crimes which he said he had committed, and among the n the instigation of the murder of one Faunic Layman, to whom he was married clandestinely. An attention of the committee of the co DUBLIN, Feb. 9.—The Theatre Royal was completely destroyed by fire this afternoon. The fire is still burning, and several adjoining houses are threatened with destruction. A police inspector and one workman were injured. The military are keeping order and assisting the fire department. There was to have been a day performance of pantomine at the theatre this after formance of pantomine at the theatre this after noon, at which the Duke and Duchess of Mari-borough were expected to be present. The fire was occasioned by catching fire of the curtains in their state box.

gation of the murder of one Fannis Layman, to whom he was married clandestinely. An attempt was thereupon made to revive the inquiry into the murder, but Marfit disappeared from Richmond, and Seldon was placed in a lunatic avolum, near Durham. Thomes he secaped in 1847, and oothing was heard of him for several weeks, until his remains were found in a heap in an old barn on Layman's farm.

Taking all the circumstances together, there is no doubt that James Anbrey Seldon and Miller were the same. Seldon had returned from the Continent, and took a fancy to stroll through the country toward home. On his way he came to Layram's, and there saw Fanny. This was the attraction which held him. Finding his attempts to seduce her in vain, he married her secretly. On discovering the condition in which she was, he alsandon it her, and returned home. By some means his father, who was a desperate and unprincipled met., learned of his marriage, and a plan was devised to remove her. In the first instance, it is supposed that the Gypsies were to abdust her and inveigle her into some situation which would warrant a divorce. Subsequently, however, her death was resolved on, whether with the sanction of the Seldons or not, is uncertain. The old woman who claimed the girl's body was doubtless one of the Gypsies. The alleged sickness of the elder Seldon must have been a trumped up store, to which it was not difficult to get retainers to swear, especially when all the suthorities, from the Constably when all the suthorities, from the Constably when all the suthorities. The life of the Theatre Royal of Dublin has been prolonged beyond the period usually allot ted to theatres. It was the immediate successor of the celebrated Crow Street Theatre, which was situated off Cork Hill, near the Castle, in was situated off Cork Hill, near the Castle, in the old portion of the city, of which such con-stant mention is made in the memors of George Frederic Cooke, Mrs. Siddons, the elder Matth-ews, and most of the great artists of the opening of the present century, and which, in the clos-ing days of the Irish Parliament, was the seem of so many splendid gatherings. The the thea-tre just destroyed was situated in Hawkins street, a small street off College street, and near Trinity College, whose students have always tre just destroyed was situated in Hawkins street, a small street off College street, and near Trinity College, whose students have always been among its best and noisiest maintainers. It was a handsome structure, its interior being of the same model as Drury Lane and Covent Garden, in London, and as the old Park and Bowery Theatres here. It was about the size and held the same number as the old Bowery in Tom Hamblin's day. It has seen some sixty seasons, and has had on the whole a brilliant and prosperons career. It has seen within its walls the most distinguished in every branch of historionic art, and in operas Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, Persiaui, Piccolomini, Patti, Nilsson, Lablache, Tambarini, Ronconi, Rubini, Mario, Tamberlik, Duprez, Gardoni; in ballet, Etisler, Faglioni, Cerito, Carlotta Grisi; in tragedy, the two Keans, the Kembles, the elder Booth, and Macready; in melodrama, James Wallack, Gustavus Brooke, Fechster; in comedy, the Covent Garden galaxy of Charles Matthews, Farren, Harley, Vestris, and Mrs. Nesbitt; in its own drama, Power and the Bourcicaults, besides such special to swear, especially when all the authorities, from the Constables to the King, were enxious to cover up the guilt of the real culprits. **M**iscellany. WHY IS IT SO? BY PATREE STAY.

Vestris, and Mrs. Nesbitt; in its own drams, Power and the Bourcicaults, besides such special stars as Inclenon and Braham, the Woods, Mrs. Waylett, and Mrs. Honey. It was on the boards of this theatre that Robson and Compton first found fame. It educated Davy Rees. It was the training ground of Lester Wallack, who for two years took lessons there in his art as utility and walking gentleman, and whose handsome presence and romantic Monte Christo air obtained for him the same tender place in the affections of Dublin beauty that the late J. H. Mon-

gueen's.

In the days of the old Crow street, the Queen's.

In the days of the old Crow street, Dublin won the acknowledged distinction which Barcelona possesses in Spain, of having the most critical audience of any city in the kingdom, and this reputation it maintained under Caleraft. The Dublin public had, however, its special pets. Among the most favored were, of course, first Power, and after him Charles Kean, James Wallack, and Gustavus Brooke. Irving is its present idol. "The gods," as the heroes of the gallery were styled, were at once its delight and terror. Their wit has furnished a fund of merriment to Macready and other recorders of their own glove. Their wit was merciless: they not-

one night.
"Oh, it's Tom Doolan, the tailor; look at his

"Oh, it's Tom Doolan, the tailor; look at his legs," was the reply, in an equally loud voice. On one occasion, when Templeton, the tenor, who was most fastidiously tidy in his toilet, came out in a short jacket and loose docks to sing the "Jolly Young Waterman" in one of Dibdin's musical afterpieces, he was completely nonplussed by a cry from one of the gods, whose keen eye detected a blot upon his tronsers: "Tempy, give the ducks a swim."

On "the Command Night," so called from the performance being commanded by the Lord Lieutenant, who attended in full state with his staff and household and their wives, the scene

staff and household and their wives, the scene

staff and household and their wives, the scene presented could not be equalled by any other of any capital, save in such rare instances as when the Emperor of Russia accompanied the Queen to Her Majesty's Theatre, and all England's beauty and chivalry were gathered there. Dublin is more heavily garrisoned than any other town in the British dominions, being the head-quarters of a brigade of artillery, two region cuts of cavalry, a heavy and light deagoon, five regiments of infantry, and often a batfalion of the Guards, and when, on Command Nights, the officers of these different corps, for whom it is deriger to be present, were gathered within the

memories and material for mirth sufficient to fill a special volume. Dublin possesses two oth-er theatres, the Gaiety in King street, Stephen's Green, and the Queen's in Great Brunswick

WHERE OUR PRESIDENTS HAVE COME FROM.

—Virginia furnished Washington two terms,
Thomas Jefferson two terms, James Madison two
terms, James Mouroetwo terms, John Tyler, who,
as Vice President, succeeded Harrison, one term.

New England gave us John Adams, John
Quincy Adams, and Franklin Pierce.

Tennessee furnished Audrew Jackson, James
K. Polk, and, by the death of Lincoln, Andrew
Johnson.

obuson.

Illinois provided for us Abraham Lincoln four Illinois provided for us Abraham Lincoln four Gen. years, and was a second time re-elected, and Gen. Grant for eight years. Ohio had Gen. Harrison for one month, and

has Hayes for four years .- Dayton (O.) Journal.

Mr. Moory thinks Paul is the man for Missouri. We doubt it. Paul is from Tarsns, and that County always went Republican.—St Louis Post Dispatch.

Some hands fold, where other hands Are lifted bravely in the strife; And so through ages and through lands, More on the two extremes of life. presence and romantic Monte Christo air obtained for him the same tender place in the affections of Dublin beauty that the late J. H. Montague occupied in those of New York. The beautiful Julia Bennett, known here afterward as Mrs. Barrow, the great Boston favorite, but then beloved of Louis Napoleon, was walking lady at the same time. Some feet halt where some feet tread, In tireless march, a weary way; Some struggle on where some have fied; Some seek when others about the fray.

Some swords rust where of hers clash, Some fall back where some move on Some flags furl where others flash, Until the battles have been won. The Theatre Royal saw perhaps its brighest days under the management of Calcraft. He was an illegitimate son of the Earl of Emiskillwas an illegitimate son of the Earl of Erniskill-en, had been an officer in the army, and had a charm of manner and a degree of cultivation be-yond the ordinary, that obtained for him and his family admission into the best circles of Dublin society. Under his management the theatre on-joyed a prestige and prosperity which it subse-quently partially lost under that of Mr. Harris, and it of late years found a formidable rival in its neighbor of Great Brunswick street, the Oneen's

Some sleep on while others keep The vigils of the true and brave; They will not rest till roses creep Around their names, above the grave.

Some find work where some find rest.

And so the weary world goes on; I sometimes wonder which is best; The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake, And so the dreary night heurs go: Some hearts best when some hearts break, I often wonder why 'tie so.

Some wills faint where some wills fight, Some love the tent and some love the field I often wonder who is right. The once who fight, or those who yield.

# CALCBAYT, THE HANGMAN. Reminiscences of the Quiet Little Man Who Is Dend-For Forty-Six Years the Public Excentioner of England-Thackersy's Ride With Him on a Stage Conch. His Fondness

London, Dec. 15. 1879.

The famous executioner, Calcraft, who for forty-six years held the office of hangman in England, is dead.

Much has been written concerning the "Mon-sieur de Paris" of Loudon, embracing many an-ecdotes of the famous baugman, and a romance touching the cause of his becoming an execu-tioner. About the year 1864, a member of The Sun stuff, then a reporter for the Loudon Daily Telegraph was sent to interview Caleraft regard-Sam staff, then a reporter for the London Daily Telegraph, was sent to interview Calcraft regarding the hanging of a convict. He found the hangman, who was a abnemaker by trade, in his pleasant three-story brick house at Islington. In front of the house and at its rear were yards filled with flowers. The rear yard was crowded with rose bushes, and the hangman had great pride in them. In the course of the visit, he speake of his gardens, and said that any man who laved flowers could not have a very had beart. He cultivated many fine tulips, and averred that if he had not been Calcraft, the hangman, he would once have taken a prize on his display of tulips at a big fair. There was an iron fence in front of the house. So great was the popular aversion for the office that Calcraft heid, that it was almost impossible to rent the houses that

aversion for the office that Calcraft held, that it was almost impossible to rest the houses that were near his, and the children ran past the iron gate opening into his yard, when they had to go through the quiet street in which he lived.

At that time, Calcraft was a pleasant-looking little man, with round features and a full irongray beard. He wore an ordinary business suit, and was acrupulously neat in his attire. The house was handsomely furnished. On a table was a large Bible, which, it was said, the hangman read a great deal, and the book bore evidence of having been much used.

Calcraft's wife was, at that time, a matronly appearing woman, to whom he appeared to be

Caleraft's wife was, at that time, a matronly appearing woman, to whom he appeared to be very devoted. In the course of the interview, Caleraft said that banging, if attended to by one who understood his business, was not a painful death. He used small ropes for men of nervous temperament, and thicker ropes for those of opposite temperaments, and he produced several ropes of different styles, and showed how the

temperament, and thicker ropes for those of opposite temperaments, and he produced several ropes of different styles, and showed how the knot should be adjusted.

In his later years, Caleraft made a strong effort to cauble his children to outlive the stigma that attached itself to their fathers' position. He educated them liberally, and at length one of them entered the Indian civil service and fulfilled his duties creditably. There was at first a great outery against the appointment, but it died out as the young man pursued his way evenly, and gave satisfaction. In his treatment of prisoners who were to be hanged, Caleraft was curt and business-like. At a hanging at Dundee the rope broke, and the hangman always afterward furnished the ropes himself, and he was very careful to personally inspect the arranging of the gallows, and everything pertaining to it.

Thackeray used to tell a story about Caleraft, which the roporter who interviewed the hangman in Islington, remembers hearing from the novelist's lips. Thackeray said that on the day of the hanging of a man who had killed another in a carriage of the Metropolitan Underground Ra ilway, he was riding on the outside of an omnibus. At Islington, a small, pleasant-spoken man, with a hand-bag, mounted the stage, and sat with the driver. Thackeray, the driver, and the little man conversed until they reached Newgate, where the latter got down, after shaking hands with the others. Then the driver said to them: "Do you know who that man is, who got down?" They did not. When he told them it was Caleraft, the hangman, the stranger, Thackeray used to aver, was so startled that he fell from his seat to the ground.—N. Y. Sas.

BLAINE AND SHERMAN ANTAGONISM.—We think the friends of Sepator Blaine are making a grave mistake in antagonizing Secretary Sherman in Ohio. As a role, the larger portion of Mr. Sherman's friends hold Mr. Blaine in the highest estimation, and would cheerfully vote for him for President. Certainly this is true so for him for President. Certainly this is true so far as this district is concerned, and we believe it is true of most of the districts in our State. Hence all attempts on the pars of the friends of Mr. Blaine to compete with Mr. Sherman for the delegation from Osio is nawise, impolitic, and nnarcessary. There is no personal hostility between Mr. Sherman and Mr. Blaine, and there should be none between their friends. If Mr. Sherman can not secure the nomination of Mr. Blaine to that of Gen. Grant, and at the proper time can make their wishes known at the proper time can make their wishes known effectively .- Clereland Herald.

### THE SEA. BY JOHN P. SHANNOY.

Morn -u the deep!

And a bark, like a bird with a snow white wing.

Where the foam and the wird see spray
Their misty arms round her carves diag.
Speeds far on her path away
And a line of quivering vanight throws
A gleam on her flying track.
A size cleaves the ware with her pointed bows,
Nor dreams she of woe or wreck.

Noon on the deep!
In the wid-day blaze of a burning cun,
'Neath the still and allent skies.
The vessel ever away and on
With a whirlwind phatos dies;
And forms of life are dancing there,
Gay, beautiful youthal forms,
And they laugh at the balmy and perfum
Nor dream of the ocean's storms.

Night on the deep!
The sailor starts in the awaying shroud,
An the quickened pulse beats higher,
As mounts on the sir, charp, shrill and loud,
The cry that "the ship's on fire!"
With a silent leep, it has closely clasped
In its hot embrace of fame,
The fluttering sheet and the rocking tast,
And the bark's enduring frame.

Morn on the deep!
And the voice of laughing Sammer sea.
Is heard o'er the broad, cod air,
And the waves leap up with a song of glee,
But the bark is no longer there!
But away, in the grave of the mighty deep,
Are the forms of love and light—
In its cool embrace how soft they sleep—
How still is their dreamy night!

### BLAINE, OF MAINE.

BY C. B. CARLER. Run up the starry flag, with three times three— Hip—hip—hurrah! It proudly waves once more O'er mative land at peace from shores to shore— The systomyre of Law and Liberty. Write on its sacred folds an bonored name— Not by dictation of the party lash, Nor by the trickaters of the "machin e" game, Who set men up or down, at will, for cash; But let him be a man from Yankee land, Full-orbed, a Union-lover to the orre, Full-orised, a Union-lover to the core, A stateman broad and strong, that it may stand, Whom men can love and women all adore— In abort, the noble Senator from Maine, That gallant, plumed Staiwar, James G. Blaine.

### A TREACHEROUS RIVER.

The Missouri is a remarkable river, unlike any other I ever saw. To be appreciated it must be seen and heard during the April or June rise, when its waters are red and thick with the powdered soil they have brought from the mountains and stolen from the farms in the valleys. Then it pours, and swirls, and eddies along with a treacherous sound between a chuckle and a half-suppressed whisper, that repels while it fascinates the listener. It has made millions of acres of rich black deposits, on which it still holds a mortgage, the foreclosure of which no man can foresee. Some of these fertile acres may sustain forests that have been growing for hundreds of years, but not a rod of the vast level bottom lands which lie on the either side of the muddy mouster, varying in width from two twenty miles, stretching all the way from Yackton to St. Lonis, and covered with the finest woods and richest farm produce that the land can bear up under, is not exempt from the possibility of some day being devoured by its hongry and fickle mother. Hondreds of farmers, after clearing away the heavy timber and raising fine crops year after year on their eighty or more acres of deep, inexhaustible river bottom, have seen their entira possessions swept away in a few days by a sadden and mexpoceted "change" The Missouri is a remarkable river, unlike

crops year after year on their eighty of more acres of deep, inexhaustible river bottom, have seen their entire possessions swept away in a few days by a sudden and noexpected "change of channel" during an April or June "rise."

These changes of channel have different causes. Sometimes a giant cottonwood tree that has been uprooted where the river has raised upon the forest above, is borne down by the current and lodged in the mad, where it will gradually become imbedded in the yielding bottom, and perhaps lie in wait for months, or even years, without giving any particular sign of existence. At last an unusual rise takes place, and this hidden "snag" creates a diversion in the strong current, which begins to circle round the spot, and which culminates in a boiling eddy. The eddy increases in depth and force, gradually diverting the water from its former course until a riment to Macready and other recorders of their own glory. Their wit was merciless; they noted the smallest defect either before or on the stage, selected their subjects with great discrimination, and spared neither age nor sex. One night when the Duke of Rutland, at that time Lord Lieutenant, whose family name was Manners, and who was of gay preclivities, was present, a gallery boy called out at the first entract, "Who's making love to Peg Plunkett!" (a celebrated Dublin beauty of the time). "Manners, you blackgnard," was the reply.

The town Mayor of Dublin, named White, who was a noted professor of economy, was a special subject for their shafts, and on Command Nights, when he was, ex officio, obliged to be present, pools were started and bets freely exchanged across the gallery on the age of his shirt. "Who is that with the white hat in box 6 ft" was asked one night. verting the water from its former course until a new pathway is formed in the river bed. If the eddy is located near the shore at the upper edge of a promontory, and if the water is sufficiently high to overflow the flats, a new channel is sometimes carved straight across some valuable farm or timber strip, and a river town, where steamboats took freight and passengers last year, may be from two to six miles distant from navigable water next year. A few years ago, Forest City, Mo., was kissed day and night by the dirty lips of this Western flirt. To-day the river sports miles away, out of sight of the old cave, and is whispering soft things to White Cloud, on the Kausas side, which has gained a river, while the State has lost several thousand acres of productive cotten land that now supports cattle and hogs in Missouri.

When the Missouri River begins to indulge in its semi annual free lunch, it frequently devours etimes carved straight across some valuable

When the Missouri River begins to indulge in its semi annual free lunch, it frequently devours strips of bottom land several rods in width every twenty-four hours. At such time it is dangerous to drop to sleep near the water's edge. There lives in Ralo, a river town in Southeastern Nebraska, a venerable physician named Thompson. One warm June day the Doctor cast his fish lines into the river close to the timber, and lying down in the shade to watch for catfish, dropped off to sleep and to pleasant dreams. He was awakened quiete abruptly by a neighbor, who told him he was sleeping on the wrong side of a long, narrow crevice that had formed about a rod from the river's brink. He did not wait to save his lines, but instantly "got up and got." The next instant a strip of cotton wood had parted company with the main land forever; got." The next instant a strip of cottonwood had parted company with the main land forever; and with its freight of trees dissolved like so much sugar in a coffee cup, leaving the Doctor to thank the river for stealing his fish-line and the land, and his neighbor for saving his life.

Missouri River towns are never safe, except
when located on binffs, or table-lands, like Omaha, White Cloud, St. Joseph, and Kansas City.—
Correspondence St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Guards, and when, on Command Nights, the officers of these different corps, for whom it is deriger to be present, were gathered within the theatre walls, their varied antiforms of blue and scarlet, and "rival scarfs of mixed embroiders," made a glorious sight to see. On one of these occasions, the theatre was made the scene of a serious riot. The Marquis of Wellesley was then Lord Lieutenant, and from the fact of favoring Roman Catholic emancipation became an object of special hatred to the then dominant Orange faction, who mustered in full force on a Command Night in February, 1821, assailed Lord Wellesley with the coarsest epithets, and one of whom threw a bottle, striking him on the head. Great confusion ensued. The leaders of the gang were arrested and indicated for high treason, but the bills were thrown out, the Grand Jary being composed entirely of Orangemen. That illustrious frishman, the late Lord Plunkett, who was Attorney General, then commenced proceedings on the part of the Crown, but subsequently abandoned them, as was alleged, from personal fear and under the influence of threats. This course subjected him to a severe handling in the House of Commons.

The house, in truth, would furnish interesting memories and material for mirth sufficient to sill a anceigl volume. Dublin possesses two oth-Fred Douglass on His Old Master. A correspondent of the San call upon Fred Douglass, United States Marshal of this District, at his residence in Uniontown, to-night, in ref-erence to the death of his old master, Capt. Thomas Auld, near St. Michael's Md., Sunday at his residence in Uniontown, to-night, in reference to the death of his old master, Capt. Thomas Anid, near St. Michael's Md., Sunday last. Mr. Douglass said he heard of the death of Capt. Anid this morning, and that his own ill-health would prevent him from attending the funeral, although he desired to do so very much. Mr. Douglass said: "Capt. Anid must have reached the good old age of Si. I saw him two years age. He was then expecting to be called at any moment. My interview with him then was in every respect cordial, and I shall never forget his answer to my question as to what he thought of my conduct in runuing away. He said, with warmth: 'I think this: If I had been in your place I would have acted precisely as you did. I was never in favor of slavery, and I had made up my mind, long before you ran away, to emancipate you and all my slaves at 25 years of age. Still, I don't blame you for running away when you did.' I told him then," said Mr. Douglass, "that it was not because of any ill-feeling toward him that I made my escape, but simply because I wanted to be free. Capt. Auld was decidedly one of the best of his class on the Eastern Shore. I can truly say that no man in St. Michael's was more respected or deserved more respect than Capt. Auld. He was an upright, temperate, pions, and conscientions man. I should be very glad to attend his fameral if it was in my power." The correspondent inquired of Mr. Douglass how long a time intervew with Capt. Auld referred to above. "Oh!" he answered, "forty odd years." Speaking forther of the decased, he said: "My first acquaintance with Capt. Auld was when he was Captain of the sloop Sallie Lloyd, which belonged to Col. Edward Lloyd. It was in this capacity that he married Lucretia Anthony, the daughter of Asron Anthony, and it was by this marriage that he became my owner. I believe there are none of the Anthony family now living."—Heahington Cor. Beltimore Sus.

Mr. Kearney calle Jay Gould a shark snouted cormorant and a lopsided polican. Mr. Gould

Mr. KEARNEY calls Jay Gould a shark snouted cormorant and s lop-ided polican. Mr. Gould must certainly be a queer bird.

### DAVID CROCKETT.

His Descendants and What They Are Doing -An Anthentie History from Texas. ce of the Courier-Journal.

Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.

Granmusy, Traxas, November, 1872.

In a recent issue of the Courier-Journal a correspondent writing from this place, over the mom de plame of "Guppy," attempts to give a history of the descendants of the renownest Colonel Davy Crockett in Hood County. The writer has failed to give anything like an authentic history of this illustrious family, doubtless from a non-acquaintance with the subject with which he attempted to deal. To supply the serious omissions in the article referred to, is my object in addressing you this communication, knowing that the State of Kentucky has ever held the name and fame of David Crockett in the most honored esteem, and knowing also that her citizens will eagerly grasp after the most authentic information regarding his remaining descendants, and their whereabouts. A long and intim ate acquaintance with the family in this County, enables me to give a complete and reliable account of its diffeoent members, the accuracy of which can be sufficiently sustained by a consultation of the family records. Deeming these sultation of the family records. Deeming to prefatory remarks sufficient, I will now pro-with the subject in band: ords. Deeming these

ROBERT P. CROCKETT,
the only surviving son of Colonel Davy Crockett,
has been living at his present homestead in this
(Hood) County for about twenty two years, havsettled here when this part of Toxas was a
howling wilderness, but the howls generally
proceeded from hostile bands of Comanche and
Kiowa Indians. Immediately after the death of
his father, at the fall of the Alamo at San Antonio, in 1836, he left the State of Tennessee for
Texas, where he culisted under the banner of
the infant Republic, and did good service in the
ranks, till the accomplishment of the independence of the Republic of Texas, at the battle of San
Jacinto. He then returned to Tennessee, married, and then emigrated to this part of Texas,
where he has since remained. He is now 65
years old, looks hale and hearty, and doesn't
look to be over 50. His physique is well-proportioned, and time has made but few inroads upon
him. His manner is decidedly modest and unassuming, letting others do the talking, and
himself acting as spectator. He has been blessed with a large and interesting family, of which
I will give a brief sketch. He has been married
the second time, but has had no children by his
last wife. Farming has been his occupation
through life, and I think the future has yet many
years in store for him.
Robert P. Crockett's oldest son. ROBERT P. CROCKETT,

# Robert P. Crockett's oldest son,

JOHN B. CROCKETT,

wm. H. CHOCKETT,
the second son of "Uncle" Robert, is married,
and engaged in farming, about twelve miles
east of Granbury, and has a strong constitution.
He is jovial and pleasant in conversation, and
possesses a good deal of the quaint humor of his
grandfather. William had triplets born to him
about four years ago, but has had the misfor
tune to loss two of them. The other is growing
into a healthy child. Will, carries on farming
in a systematic manner, using good judgment in in a systematic manner, using good judgment in all his operations. He gives promise of being a

the third son, is the smallest of the family in his physical make-up, but has enough of the go-ahead principle about him to overbalance all this. He is married, has five children, runs a ateam thresher, a steam cotton gin, and acts as Justice of the peace during leisure hours. He has a natural brain for machinery. "D," as he is familiarly called, is bewing out a comfortable homestead, seven miles east of town. He was christened in honor of Colonel "Davy" himself. B. A. CHOCKETT.

Avery, as he is called, is the most robust mem-ber of the family. He is the "son No. 4," heavy built, and somewhat fleshy. He is unmarried, and takes delight in running the farm for his aged father. He is rather a fine-looking young man, has a very agreeable disconting. man, has a very agreeable disposition, and has

ashley w. Crockett
is the fifth and youngest son. Showing, at the early age of 13, a literary turn of mind, he entered the office of the Weatherford Times, twenty-five miles from here. He worked for nearly a year, when his health failed him, and he was compelled to return to the farm. When the Granbury Fidelte was established at this place, in November, 1872, Ashley re-entered the business again as an apprentice. He mastered his trade, and for the past four years has been connected with this journal in the capacity of one of its editors and proprietors. He has contributed no little in mind and muscle toward making it one of the leading journals in North-west Texas. Ashley is gradually climbing the ladder of literary excellence. He is about 22, and is of a tall and rather slender build. He bears a striking resemblance to his grandfather, Colonel "Davy," his features being as fine as a woman's, and I will take the liberty of saying that he is somewhat handsome. The greater portion of his leisure hours is devoted to reading and study. He is unosually well informed in national and State politics, and general literary matters. He is married, and has carved out, by dint of industry and economy, a home of his own. I predict the day is not far distant when Ashley will be as famous in the world of letters as was his distinguished predecessor for martial prowess and ecceutric backwoods humor.

In addition to the five boys named above Col. Robert has ASHLEY W. CROCKETT In addition to the five boys named above Col.

FOUR DAUGHTERS. the two elder of whom are married, and the two

youngest are still single, and, by the way, tol-ornbiy prepossessing in appearance.

Mrs. Alvira Halford, a daughter of Col. Davy Crockett, died at her home, in this County, a short time since, at the advanced age of 63. She had eight children, only two of whom are now living.

had eight children, only two of whom are now living.

Mrs. Matilda Fields, living in Gibson County, Tenn., is now the only surviving daughter of David Crockett. She has been married the second time, and has several children.

David Crockett's last wife is buried at the Acton Churchyard, in this County, five miles south-east of Granbury.

In conclusion, I will state that I would not have ventured to occupy so much of your valuable space, if I did not think the subject was in every respect worthy of an article thus elaborate. The subject is one that commends itself to the attention of Americans from Maine to California, as the name and fame of David Crockett are certainly world-wide.

J. N. DOYLE.

BLAINE'S HEADWAY.—Our purpose at this time is merely to present a fair indication of the drift of public opinion, as it is denoted by the reports from various sections. As a result of observation and comparison, it may be asfely stated that Blaine has made more headway during the last two weeks than any of the prominent candidates for the Chicago nomination. The same ratio of progress between now and the meeting of the convention, will give Blaine an advantage at the start, whatever the ultimate choice may be.—Chicago Tribune.

### HE IS A CANDIDATE.

As Sung by Boatemain Robeson, Major Babcock, Graeral Horace Porter, and Boas Shepherd.

He is a candidate:

For he binnelf has said it,
And all the fact must credit.
That he is a candidate.
In spite of the tradition.
He wants that high position,
And can't afford to wait;
So, just as Blaine or Thurman,
Or Tilden or Judge Sherman.
He is a candidate!

He is a candidate!

He seeks the nomination,
And fain would seize the station
By steeling any State.

Though once he did above it,
And now he should refuse it.
His cravings don't abate;
So it is his intention
To capture the Convention,
And remain a candidate!

### HQRACE GREELEV'S PRECEPTOR. Chat with the Man who Taught the Sage of Chappagen to Stick Type.

Mr. Ansell Warren, one of the oldest printers and newspaper publishers in the country, called at the Republican office Wednesday, to look at the Hoe Perfecting Press, the latest wonder in the way of printing machinery. After inspectite press Mr. Warren naturally dropped into a conversation, bringing up reminiscences of his early experience. He is now in his eighty-first year, having been born in 1799. In 1812 he worked in the Receille office at Elizabethtown, New York, forty-seven miles from Plattsburg. The editor was Wm Ray, a Connecticut Yankes, given to rhyming. Ray entered the navy, and was captured by the Algerine pirates, who held him enslaved two years. Ezra C Gross, afterwards a member of Congress, was the next editor wards a member of Congress, was the next editor of the Rereille. In those days Mr. Warren says they used to ink the type with.

Made up like cushions. He gives numerous incidents of the war of 1812, which fell under his observation. Subsequently he went to Poultney. Vermont, and took charge of the Northera Spectator in that place. While Mr. Warren was publishing this paper, an exceedingly awkward, green and gawky country bay came to his office and applied for a situation as apprentice. His name was Horace Greeley. His father had just moved to West Haven, a village near Poultney, and the youngster wanted to be a printer. He was engaged, and took service for the parial of four years, and thus Horace Greeley began a career which afterwards led to the highest eminence in the journalistic profession. Mr. Water on says the new apprentice was the most static one and persistent worker he ever saw. There was another apprentice unuel O. A Boxa, who had been longer in the office, avet for whom Greeley established a strong friendship. STUFFED BALLS

Robert P. Crockett's oldest son,
JOHN B. CROCKETT,
had reached the tender ago of 16 when the war between the States broke out, and he enlisted under the Confederate flag. He fought through the four years' war, till the surrender of Lee, and he promite unawal O. A Boxo, who had been lenger in the office, and for whom Appenditor Court House, in Virginia. Although he fought through many notable battles—Vicksburg and others too tedious to mention—he came out unscathed, not having received a wound during his four years' service. At the close of the war, he engaged in running a trading beat on the Mississippi River, at Bradley's Landing, Ark. He was just getting in a prosperous condition, when he was foully murdered by a negro desperado, while alone one day in his traiding-house. After plundering his house, and getting what money he could, the negro took a valuable gold watch from Crockett's person, and departed, locking the door behind him. "John B. Crockett," the owner's name, was engraved on the inner casing of the watch. The murder was discovered, the murderer captured, and the watch proved a clinching link of evidence in the trial. This watch is now in possession of Mr. Warren also has letters showing that he had been longer in the office, and been longer in the office, and been longer in the office, and the owner at a strong friendship.

THE TWO BOYS

BOYA. The Was Just Statley's Landing the down the serious of its a propositive trials. Occasionally the fore-man would have to seperate them during the progress of an argument, but good have to seperate them during the progress of an argument, but good have to seperate them during the progress of an argument, but good have to seperate them during the progress of an argument, but good have to seperate them during the progress of an argument, but good have to seperate them during the progress of an argument, but good have to seperate them during the progress of an argument, but good have to seperate them during the progress of an argument, but good have to seperate Greeley did not forget the employer who first gave him instructions in the craft he after-wards mustered with such success. Greeley did not finish his four years' term of service on the Secretary as the namezement failed about the coud of his third year, and the young apprentice went with his father to Pennsylvania, Mr. War-ren going to West Troy, where he started the Palladium, and was burnt out there. He has been living for some years in this city with re-latives, at No. 3106 Sheridan avenue, and is a very entertaining talker, though so infirm that he walks upon crutches.—St. Leais Republican.

# George Washington's Declination.

Everybody is familiar with the fact that Washington declined a re-election toward the close of his second administration, and the passages of his famous farewell address which bear upon this point have been widely quoted the last few weeks. But no one seems to have recalled a not less interesting fact, which still further emphasizes the contrast between Washington and Grant in their treatment of this issue. John Adams had not been long in the Presidency before the Federalist party, which had elected him, became greatly disorganized, and a strong element were outspoken against his having a second term. In this condition of affairs not a few Federalists insisted that Washington must accept another election to the Presidency. Gov. Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut was one of the most argent in advising this policy. In June, 1799, Trumbull wrote Washington a letter on the subject, in which he presented the considerations in favor of this scheme.

Washington's reply is one of the last communications on political subjects which he ever wrote. Oddly enough, it does not appear in Sparks's elaborate biography. The leter is dated at Mount Vernon, July 21, 1799, and, after some introductory femarks, proceeds as follows:

"It would be a matter of sore regret to me if I would be a matter of sore regret to me if I could believe that a serious thought was turned toward me as his [Mr. Adams's] successor, not

ed at Mount Vernon, July 21, 1799, and, after some introductory remarks, proceeds as follows:

"It would be a matter of sore regret to me if I could believe that a serious thought was turned toward me as his [Mr. Adams's] successor, not only as it respects my ardent wishes to pass through the vale of life in retirement, undisturbed in the remnant of the days I have to sojourn here, unless called upon to defend my country, (which every citizen is bound to do), but on public ground also; for, although I have abundant cause to be thankful for the good health with which I am blessed, yet I am not insensible to my declination in other respects. It would be crimiual, therefore, in ms, although it should be the wish of my countrymen, and I could be elected, to accept an office under this conviction, which another would discharge with more ability: and this, too, at a time when I am thoroughly convinced I should not draw a single vote from the anti-Federal side, and, of course, should stand upon no other ground than any other Federal character well supported; and when I should become a mark for the shafts of envenomed makes and the basest calmany to fire at; when I should be charged not only with irresolution, but with coucealed ambition, which wants only an occasion to blaze out—and, in short, with detage and imbeciticy. All this, I grant, ought to be like dust in the balance when put in competition with a great public grad, when the accomplishment of its apparent. But, as no problem is better defined in my mind than that principle, not men, is now and will be the object of contention, and that I canid and obtain a solitary vote from that party; that any other respectable Federal character would receive the same suffrages that I should; that at my time of life (vergug toward three score an ten) I should expose myself, without rendering any assential service to my county or answering the end contemplated; prudence on my part must arrest any attempt of the well meant, but mistaken views of my friends to introduce me aga into the char of government."

Washington's death a few months later put an end to all talk of a third term, but the tone

an end to all talk of a third term, but the tone of this letter leaves no room to doubt that be would in any event have resisted all attempts to make him again a candidate. The Father of his Country did not consider it above his dignist to frankly answer the letters of the people who addressen him upon such a subject, nor was he disposed to wait and see whather he might be elected before declaring himself. A greater contrast could hardly be imagined than that between Washington's attitude on the third-term question a year before the election of 1800, and that of Grant on the same issue eighty years later.—Springfield Republican.